

THE
POPE'S Farwel;

OR,
Queen Ann's Dream.

Containing a *true* Prognostick of *her own Death*,
Together with the extirpation of *Poper*y out of these Realms by King
Edward the 6th. but especially by *Queen Elizabeth*, of ever-blessed me-
mory ; Being Translated out of a Book Written in her Reign, and by
her allowed to be Printed.

Written Originally in Latine Verse by Mr. Christopher Ock-
land, and Printed in the Year 1582.

Together with some few
REMARQUES

Upon the Late

PLOT,

OR,
~~Non-Con~~ Conspiracy.

ENTRED according to Order.

Printed by J. M. for T. W. a true lover of the Church of England, as now Establish'd by Law.

POPULAR

Queen Anne's

REMAINS

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THE
Pope's Farewel;
 Or, *Queen Ann's Dream.*

When *Arctos* does the Northern Pole disclose, A Description of the Night.
 When Men, and Dogs, and Mortals all repose,
 Then * *Morpheus* in my *Uncle's* shape appears, * The God of Sleep.
 Who had been dead and bury'd several Years;
 His Head was ball'd, his face o're-grown with Hair,
 He calls to me (*Dear Daughter*) do not fear;
 I am your Uncle, (though you be a Queen)
 VWho dwell in *Regions* never to be seen
 By *Mortal Eyes*, where life is truly so,
 Free'd from all grief, debauch, and worldly woe;
 To live at this rate, is indeed to live,
 To live a *Mortal* I would little give:
 Then *haste*, I pray you, come and be a Bride
 T'our *Saviour Christ*, Come all ye Saints beside,
 VWho lives in Heaven, and has Built the Skies,
 There to bestow upon His Flock a Prize
Peace and true Joys, with *Rest* for evermore,
 Free from all Change; this is the Prize in store.

A 2

What

What profit *honours* here upon the Earth ?
 Or Princes *Glory* ? is't not the Peoples Breath ?
 What profit *Riches*, or the best attire ?
 Since, whence *they sprang*, they all *must* turn to mire.
 Can they *give health*, or can they change the mind ?
 Where *Satan* and *mens lusts* are both combin'd
 To *crush* the Soul ? or will pale Death be brib'd,
 By these, to *stay* ? and lay its Darts aside ?

* *Solomon.* * *All things are fading which from Earth do spring,*
Look you to Heaven, there behold your King.
 But why should I thus speak ? Good Queen attend,
 I onely come to tell you as a *Friend*,
 That *Hellish* envy lurks in Princes Courts,
 'Midst all *their Games, Divertizements and Sports*;
 And look where any's great, and does excell
 In *Vertue*, those it *always* aims to quell ;
 'Tis still *contriving*, never out of breath,
 Still closely aiming at its *Objects* Death,

* *Henry 8.* * *Englands Great King* having of late discry'd
 The *See of Rome*, their projects, and their pride,
 Commands forthwith that *none* shall it obey
 In his *Dominions*, or the *Pope* bear sway ;

* *Writts of Excommunication.* Nor shall hereafter *hither* send his * *Bulls*,
 To pick up Gain from ill-taught empty Sculls ;
 Now, tho' the *Pope* be Bannith'd hence, he sends
 Such as by *right* or *wrong* may serve his ends ;

These

These lurk in Court, nor can they be secure,
 Whilst you are Queen, or put their Plots in ure;
 Therefore they seek to take away your life
 By right, or wrong, and so to end the strife;
 But once within these Two Years, they shall find
 That Popish Images will be Confin'd
 To Fiery Flames, and all the Temples freed,
 In Brittain's Isle, from such a noysome Weed.
 Oh happy England who art not confin'd
 To worship Stocks and Stones; thus did the blind.
 Whilst Ægypt's King had never known a God,
 They worshipt Leeks, now this you'l say was odd.
 But you, Oh * Queen, shall never live to see
 This happy Change, this grand Catastrophe;
 Yet still the Dregs of Romes foul superstition,
 Shall not be fully purg'd out of this Nation;
 Till pious * Edward Ruleth in this Isle,
 Then Rome Farewel, (farewel I say a while)
 For seaven Summers finish out his reign,
 Then comes Queen Mary, Rome returns again;
 Now he who dares the sacred * VVrit to read
 In his own Tongue, for that offence must Bleed;
 Or he that dares to thwart the See of Rome,
 Has forthwith Fire and Faggot for his Doom;
 But by your Child * Eliza's bearing sway,
 These wrongs shall cease, and Papiests poss away.

* Q. Ann.

* Edw. 6.

* The Bible

* Q. Eliz.

The

* *A River
in Italy.*

The Pope to * *Tybers* shore will be Confin'd,
Not suffer'd here t'infatuate the Blind,
But there to vend his Knacks, and foolish toys,
To those h'as made more ignorant than Boys;
X For Here his Power and all his Pride must end,
Believe Me as your Uncle, and your Friend,
Hence he will rage, and fret, and fume, and tare,
And seek t'imbroyl You in a Civil-War :

* *Q. Eliz.* The * *Virgin*. Queen, your Daughter, he will try
By secret Arts and Methods to Destroy;
But all in vain, for GOD will Her Defend
In Peace and Plenty to her utmost end;
Yet notwithstanding he will rage and fume,
Allotting Hell, not Heaven, for the Doom
Of all her loyal Subjects; Yet shall she
The onely Glory of all Women be ;

* *Q. Ann.* But * You, my Off-spring, never think to find
The Fates on earth so generous and Kind,
For Heavens Great Maker will e're long call You
From earthly pomp, to bid the world adieu,
Yet ne'r regret this Change, for where You'l go,
There is no tears, no sorrow, pain, or woe;
The place is Heaven, where you'l find such joys,
As if compar'd, will prove all other toys;
Then be Courageous, do not faint, my Dear,
Although my Message seem (perchance) severe ;

For

For, gentle Queen, your Glas is almost Run,
 Yet *Thirty Days*, and you'l be Dead and gone :
 But let this cheer you, Your *Eliza* shall
 Credit her Father, You, her Self and All.

FINIS SOMNꝰL

THus ends this *Hero's Dream*, or *Propheſie*,
 Which Ages ſince have found to be no Lye ;
 Nor ought it longer for to be conceal'd,
 Since all things *pro-v'd true* as they was Reveal'd.
 VVhat then means *fear* of Popery in this Nation ?
 Cause Faith with *Atheiſts* is quite out of *faſhion* ;
 Neither will *Non con*, whate're Sect he be,
 Credit Great *Cæſar* or the D-E-I-T-Y ;
 He promiſeth to Rule by Law, but they
 (*In ſpight of him*) baſe Rebels, would bear ſway ;
 He Pardons, pardons worſe than *Jews* or *Turks*,
 Like God, his *Mercy's* over all his *Works* ;
 O happy *England* ! thou may'ſt gladly ſing,
 That ever *Charles* the Second was thy King ;
 A Prince ſo wiſe, ſo kind, ſo good and juſt,
 As none but *Infidels* could him diſtruſt,
 Or in his God-like *Monarchy* plot Treason,
 VVith any colour, *juſtice*, *ſence*, or *reaſon*.

Sure

Sure Men turn *Bedlams* in this *Ile* of late;
 VVhilst nought but *Blood-shed* can appease *their hate*.

X Char. 2.

D. of T.

Ah me! and therefore must the best of Kings,
 And's *Brother Dye*! who ever heard such things?

VVonder of wonders! all *Seats* did agree
 To ~~act~~ this *Heathenish, Hellish Tragedy*.
But blessed be th'immortal God on high,
 VVho from his *Throne* all *Mischiefs* does discry,
 And has reveal'd t'our *Soveraign King* below,
 Now to distinguish twixt his *Friend* and *Foe*.
 Then let all loyal *Hearts* such *Mercies* prize,
 And laud and praise the *Soveraign* of the *Skies*,
 Who hast'our *Gracious King* in *time* reveal'd
 That *treason* which base *Rebells* long conceal'd;
 And let all pious *souls*, for this *Great thing*,
 Pray from their *Hearts*, *God* save and bless the *King*

F I N I S.

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